THE

Theatrical Observer;

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No. 2664. *Monday, June 28, 1830.* *Price 1d*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

THE Theatres, which were closed on Saturday night, in consequenc of the death of our beloved Sovereign, are, contrary to previous cus om, to be opened this evening, and continue open until two days pre ious to the funeral. This arrangement has been made at the expres lesire of the late King, whose benevolent nature embraced, even ami is severest sufferings, the comforts and well being of every class o hat people, over whom he may indeed be said to have exercised a pa ernal sway. His late Majesty was always a munificent patron of th rama, and has thus, even in his dying moments, evinced his anxiet or its interests.

The members of the profession as well as the public, will long and gratefully feel this act of benevolent consideration, and the memory o eorge the Fourth, will be for ever embalmed in their hearts and af ections.

Exhibition of Tam O'Shanter, &c.—We have been delighted, witl housands besides, in inspecting the Exhibition in Bond Street of Tan O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, the Landlord and Landlady. With th wo former of these figures all the world, at least all who have an feeling of the beauties of Burns, must, or ought to be familiar; Mr. Thom has now added two other statues, those of the Landlord, and Landlady, and we have no hesitation in saying that these figures fully qual the rest of the exquisite groupe, of which they form a part.—The Landlady is, perhaps, the most perfect, where all nearly approach perfection, but so much is expressed in her countenance, that she i decidedly our favorite; the look of delighted attention with which sh istens to the stories of Tam, is so admirably mingled with the warme eeling of admiration for his person, so well described by the poet—

"The Landlady and Tam grew gracious
"Wi' favours secret, sweet and precious:"

that it is impossible for more to be expressed, even in the human fac tself at the same moment, than is conveyed to our imagination by thi xquisite statue. The unmixed glee with which the landlord is chuck ling at the Souter's jokes is admirably pourtrayed; his countenanc somewhat vacant, appears unable to express more than one idea at a time, he is therefore wholly absorbed in his own mirth, and here again the words of the poet are to the letter expressed in the statue—

"The Souter told his queerest stories,
"The landlord's laugh was ready chorus."

The less important parts of these delightful statues are in keeping with the elaborate finish of the countenances;—every minutiæ of dress, s given with a truth and fidelity perfectly astonishing, when the ma-

erial is considered. The whole group is calculated to give unmixe satisfaction, as illustrating a story which the genius of Burns has ren lered immortal. Mr. Thom may proudly claim the same triumph fo his all but living statues, the same splendid though untaught genius characterizes the work of both, and the sculptor may well and worthily claim to occupy part of that niche in the temple of fame devoted to the poet.

The decision of the magistrates, at Bow Street, on Thursday, in favor of the Minor Theatres, appears to have given general satisfaction, both to the public and the profession. Mr. Adolphus lost both his temper and good-manners, when he used the term *common* stage player as one of reproach, very many of that profession are as respectable as Mr. Adolphus himself, and fully as gentlemanly.

Vauxhall Gardens will be open this evening.

The new Petite Comedy, in two acts, which is to be brought out on Thursday at the Haymarket is called *Seperation and Reperation*.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

Dear Mr. Editor, I address you from the elegant Divan now open at 102 Strand, where I am a constant visitor;—here I find matchless cigars, exquisite coffee, profusion of magazines and newspapers, and elegant decorations render the establishment the very essence of comfort and fashion—do pop in—just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me—have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

Monday I visit the *Diorama*, in the Regent's Park, to see the two new and enchanting Views—Mount St. Gothard, painted by M. Daguerre, and Rheims Cathedral, by M. Bouton—these *chef d'œuvres*, in my opinion, surpass all former efforts of those great masters.

Tuesday, call in at the Royal Bazaar, 73, Oxford Street—spendidly fitted up and magnificently arranged—visit the *British Diorama*, containing four views, &c. by Stanfield, &c.—highly interesting, and always crowded. Lounge in the *Physiorama*—consists of 14 views, from all parts of the world—the arrangement, in a gallery 200 feet long, are truly unique and indescribably beautiful—here I'm an enchanted traveller, visiting all the globe in a day.

Wednesday I drop in at the Exhibition of Sculpture, Old Bond Street, to view the figures, life size, of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, the Landlord and the Landlady—delighted beyond measure—work of that self-taught artist, James Thom—saw Tam making love to the landlady—a rich scene—the landlord's tipsey—his legs dead drunk—*pose* of figures admirable—whoever has read Burns must see them.

From thence, I wander to No. 15, Oxford Street, just to take a peep at Mr Vilmshurst's large Picture, in enamel, of *The Tournament* of the Cloth of Gold—a most triumphant effort, inimitable execution, astonishing labour, and a most admirable hit—found the Gothic Hall crowded with visitors, of the highest class, desirous of patronising the genius of this young artist.

On Friday, I pop in to examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square.

I daily, between 1 and 4, qualify Mrs. Pry's discordant notes with some harmony divine, and may be found at *The Apollonicon*, 101, St. Martin's Lane,—Market and Fishermen's Chorus, from the Opera of Masaniello, enchanting!

I nightly lounge in the lobbies—fond of adventure—observed a beautiful Sylph admiring herself in my boots—'Why, Mr. Pry,' says she, 'does a great actress resemble Warren's Jet Blacking?' 'Because she cuts a *shine*.'—I never give it up.—but I intrude, beg pardon, your's,

PAUL PRY.

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All Communications must be post paid.—Printing in General,

Theatre Royal, Adelphi.

This Evening,

Mr Mathews, at Home,

When he will present a new Entertainment, entitled

MATHEWS's

COMIC ANNUAL

For 1830.

With humorous Cuts and other Embellishments!—Published this Day (boards) Adelphi, Strand, (packed in Boxes,) 4s.

PART I.

Chap. I.—Reasons for undertaking the editorship—Parting with partner—Mrs Neverend.

Chap. II.—Mr John Downright Shearman, retired master tailor—Mon. Vindrine—Mike Earwig, a whispering waiter—British justice—Police office—a skip.

Song—" *Zoological Gardens.*"

Chap. III.—Embellishment—Portrait of Mr Sadjoy, a hale valetudinarian—his sons, Master Dickey Sadjolly, and Master Jeremiah Crackthrope Sadjolly—Youthful rivalry—turn over a new leaf to

Chap. IV.—Mr Shakely—Nerves.

Song—" *The Cork-Cutters' Festival.*"

Second Embellishment—Mr Dispepy's—Double bedded room—Living nightmare—Pie-crust—'What can possibly keep me awake.'

PART II.

Chap. I.—Embellishment—Mr Lavolta—Habitual risibility—Mr Sadjolly's Trip to London—Affection of the Spine—Visit to Mr. Polish, the Dentist—the two Boys' Teeth—Mr Lavolta, with a laughable Tooth-Ache—Mr. Polish's relaxation—German Air—

Song—" *Harmonic Dentist.*"

Chap.II—Monsieur Vindrine—Lost Snuff Box—Les Becassines—French Sense of Honour.

Chap. III—Lieutenant M'Craw—West Indies—" Honourable Kingston Native and Creole Assembly"—Digression—

Song—" *Irish Berrin.*"

Chap. IV—Mr Dispepys' Encore—the Herefordshire Prize Ox.—Raffle—How to Win a great Loss—Mrs Neverend's last Words—

Song—" *Vauxhall Gardens.*"

Mr Mathews' Reading, and Introduction to the Afterpiece.

FINALE.—Mr Sadjolly—Mr Lavolta—the Boys—Vindrine—Earwig

PART III. Will be presented, as a

Pictorial Embellishment of the Comic Annual

A Monopolologue, to be called

THE LONE HOUSE.

Dramatis Personæ, Enacted by Mr Mathews.

Theatre Royal, Hay-Market.

This Evening, the Tragedy of

OTHELLO.

Lodovico, Mr GALLOT, Montano, Mr BRINDAL,
Duke of Venice, Mr W. JOHNSON,
Gratiano, Mr COVENEY, Antonio, Mr CATHIE,
Othello, Mr KEAN,
Roderigo, Mr WEBSTER, Julio, Mr V. WEBSTER,
Cassio, Mr VINING, Iago, Mr COOPER,
First Senator, Mr Coates, Second Ditto, Mr Cooke,
Brabantio, Mr THOMPSON,
Messenger, Mr C. Morris, Officer, Mr Lodge.
Emilia.....Mrs GLOVER,
Desdemona, Miss F. H. KELLY.

After which,

The Wedding Day.

Sir Adam Contest, Mr W. FARREN,
Lord Rakeland.....Mr BRINDAL,
Mr Contest, COVENEY.
Mrs Hamford.....Mrs TAYLEURE,
Hannah, Mrs W. JOHNSON,
Lady Contest...(first time,)...Miss MORDAUNT.

To conclude with, the Burletta of

TOM THUMB.

King Authur, Mr WILLIAMS,
Doodle, Mr M. BARNETT, Noodle, Mr ROSS,
Tom Thumb, Miss AGELINA,
Ghost of Gaffer Thumb, Mr C. MORRIS.
Huncamunca, Mrs Coveney, Glumdalca, Mr Cooke,
Queen Dolalolla, Mrs HUMBY,
Frizaletta, Miss Barnett, Plumante, Mrs Johnson.

To-morrow, Speed the Plough, Popping the Question, &c.